*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
*La.* Go, ye giddy gooſe.
*The muſicke playes.*
*Hot.* Now, I perceiue the diuel vnderſtands Welſh,
And t'is no maruaile he is ſo humorous,
By'rlady he is a good muſician.
*La.* Then ſhould you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie ſtill, ye thiefe, and heare the lady ſing in Welſh.
*Hot.* I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Iriſh.
*La.* Would'ſt thou haue thy head broken?
*Hot.* No.
*La.* Then be ſtill.
*Hot.* Neither, t'is a womans fault.
*La.* Now God helpe thee.
*Hot.* To the Welſh Ladies bed.
*La.* What's that?
*Hot.* Peace, ſhe ſings.
*Here the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.*
*Hot.* Come, Kate, ile haue your ſong too.
*La.* Not mine in good ſooth.
*Hot.* Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfit-makers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſuretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then Finsburie.
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, ſing.
*La.* I will not ſing.
*Hot.* T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreſt teacher: and the indentures be drawne, ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
*Glen.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As Hot. Lord Percy, is on fire to goe: